

ATLANTIC GUARDIAN

THE MAGAZINE OF NEWFOUNDLAND



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- HOME AGAIN — RON POLLETT
- LIGHTHOUSE AT BONAVISTA

VOL. VIII, No. 11

NOV. 1951

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Atlantic Guardian's Platform

- To make Newfoundland better known at home and abroad;
- To promote trade and travel in the Island;
- To encourage development of the Island's natural resources;
- To foster good relations between Newfoundland and her neighbors.

Atlantic Guardian

THE MAGAZINE OF NEWFOUNDLAND

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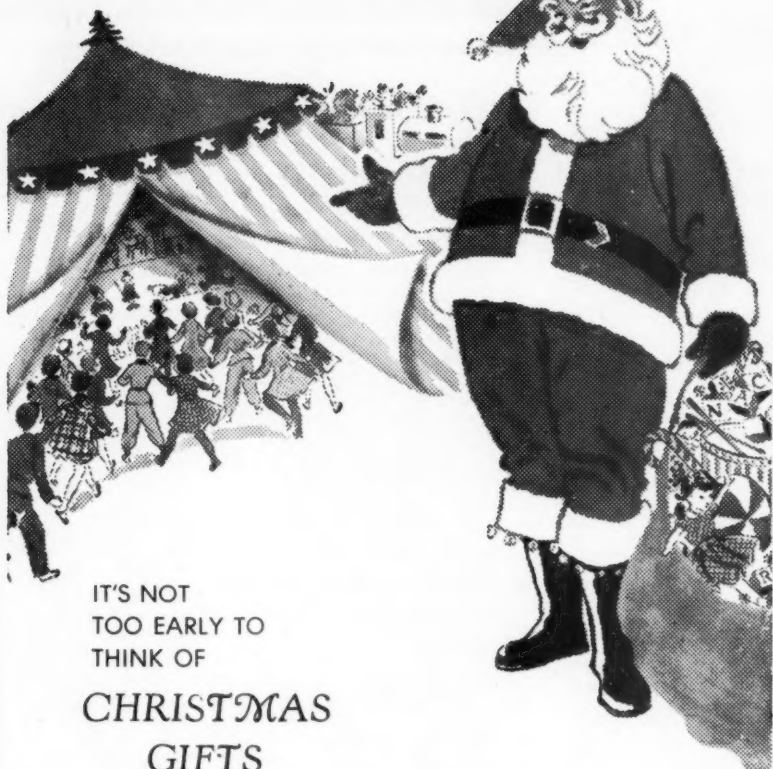
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• **Bouquets---**

. . . to Premier Joseph R. Smallwood for his all-out efforts to get new industries for Newfoundland. As we go to press the tireless Premier has just returned from a six-week tour of Europe with the heatrening news that fifteen new industries were lined up during his trip. With the Premier were the Hon. Leslie R. Curtis, Attorney General, and Dr. Alfred A. Valdemanis, Director General of Economic Development.

. . . to President Joseph J. Thompson of The Newfoundland Lumbermen's Association for his strenuous and persistent efforts to improve the lot of his fellow-loggers, culminating last month in the announcement of the highest scale of wages yet to be paid in the Newfoundland lumber camps. Released also last month was the first issue of THE LOG, a slick-paper monthly magazine replacing "The Newfoundland Lumberman" as the official organ of the Association.

. . . to Imperial Oil for a fine public service job in producing the 45-minute movie "Newfoundland Scene" which is not only good entertainment but excellent advertising for Newfoundland, as well as for Imperial Oil.

. . . to Geoff. Stirling, prominent young business-man-of-affairs, and Don Jamieson, one of Newfoundland's best-known radio personalities, for promoting a new independent radio station for Newfoundland. C.J.O.N., now on the air seventeen hours daily, becomes another powerful outlet for entertainment and enlightenment in a land of isolated small settlements where radio means so much.

. . . to Ferd Hayward, of St. John's, for putting the name of Newfoundland far and wide in sporting circles with his first-place victory in the 25-male walking marathon held at Baltimore, Md., in September. Ferd, with Bernard Molloy and Max Soper, also of St. John's, took part in the U.S. Amateur Athletic Union 30-kilometre walking championship at Elizabeth, N.J., in October, and the Newfoundlanders finished fourth, sixth and seventh respectively.

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by BRIAN CAHILL

● We have a lot of sympathy for a young fellow named Clyde Marshall of Poole's Cove, Fortune Bay, who is, or was in September past, an elevator operator in the Nova Scotian Hotel, Halifax.

During September, as Clyde no doubt remembers with anguish, the Canadian Women's Press Club held its biennial convention at the Nova Scotian (our Adelaide Leitch, who was there, met Clyde and passed the time of day with him as one Newfoundlander to another).

As a man who, far back in the good old days of the 40-cent flask, piloted an elevator in the Newfoundland Hotel in St. John's, we know just how Clyde felt when a convention of ladies of the press descended suddenly upon him.

Any convention is tough on a hotel elevator operator. If you are a girl operator (not that we were ever a girl operator in any sense that you low-minded chaps want to make of it), delegates to a male convention are apt to pinch you. This takes your mind off the job and causes you to

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stop the elevator a foot or so below floor level. This in turn causes the president of Amaigamated Ashcans Limited or some other dignitary, to fall flat on his face as he steps out. And this again is apt to cost you your job.

If you are a male operator the pinching hazard is not so great. But, if most, or all, of the delegates to the convention are women, there are many factors that make it hard to keep your mind on the job. For instance, women elevator riders, as we well remember, are apt to forget that the elevator operator is not part of the machinery. They are apt to carry on the most intimate feminine conversations as if nobody but "us girls" were present.

I remember one time a bevy of matrons attending a convention in the Newfoundland Hotel got on at the Lobby and headed for the top floor. One of them began in a penetrating voice to tell about her high forceps delivery and we were so occupied in trying not to hear that we ran the car right up and almost through the roof of the penthouse. Another young matron, had had visible reason to be interested in the first matron's talk, was considerably shaken up and, for a while there, it looked as if we were going to learn the facts of life the hard way.

Everything came out all right in the end. but the experience shook us and shortly after, perhaps mistakenly, we left the hotel business.

We hope that Clyde Marshall did not have to go through anything like this and that he is now fully recovered from the ordinary hazards of a bi-ennial convention of the Canadian Women's Press Club.

● We have a nice note to hand from Miss Hazel Bartlett whose address is now Fortune, Burin District.

"Formerly," she says "it was 70 Marsden Street, Springfield, Mass, U.S.A., but like Atlantic Guardian, I too have 'come home' to Newfoundland."

● And two of our many friends in the clerical line have dropped us a line.

Rev. Fred Sass, now studying at New York University says: "Your magazine is like a cool salty breeze in this hot jungle of rock . . . believe me, Ron Pollett's articles are greatly appreciated and so true to fact.

"No magazine gives me more pleasure than the Atlantic Guardian," he continues. "Although I am a South African and come from a very beautiful city—Cape Town, the five years I ministered in St. John's have made an everlasting impression on my life."

The other letter is from Rev. Harry Andrews, rector of St. Luke's Church, Waterloo, Que., who says he has been a "fan" of Atlantic Guardian from the beginning of the magazine and wants to protest about the photo at the top of Page 22 in the August issue.

Mr. Andrews tells us, quite correctly, that the photo is not of Hibb's Cove, as designated, but is SHIP COVE, Port de Grave, Conception Bay.

"The nearer wharf is the government wharf and the shorter one beyond it was built by my brother, the late Harold Andrews, who was in his lifetime a merchant in Ship Cove." Mr. Andrews goes on:

"Hibb's Cove or Hibb's Hole as it was known in my day, is about a mile and a half further down the peninsula and is really the last settlement

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St. John's Newfoundland

on the peninsula . . . it is almost exactly 30 years since I left Ship Cove and I still remember the first white house in the photo used to belong to my cousin, Capt. Robert Hartland Andrews. The next one seems new to me but further on I recognize the stage of Sam and Albert Dawe. This makes me rather nostalgic—perhaps I am all wrong and have forgotten. Check on me by calling on your phone my nephews Donald Andrews and Bernard Andrews in St. John's."

● We have a subscription renewal (we love that sort of thing) from Mrs. Sarah O'Keefe, 607 Berkley Street, Camden, N.J., U.S.A., who tells us her maiden name was Corbett and that she taught school in Newfoundland from 1893 to 1896 and went to the U.S. in 1896 where she married Mr. O'Keefe in September of that year.

They celebrated their golden wedding anniversary in 1946 and are still—"thank God"—enjoying good health. One son is City Editor of the Camden Courier, another is Chief Auditor of the Motor Vehicle Department of New Jersey, another Chief Secretary of the A.F. of L. in Philadelphia, another is Engineer of the Water Department in Camden, and still another son is "in the real estate business."

Mrs. O'Keefe neglected to say from where in Newfoundland she hails but surely someone will recognize her from all that.

● A note from Mrs. B. A. Keating, 711 Willits Avenue, Audubon, New Jersey, U.S.A., encloses a subscription and tells us: "Needless to say I am a Newfoundlander and proud of it. During my early days I lived at Fort Townshend, and now I hear it has

ATLANTIC GUARDIAN



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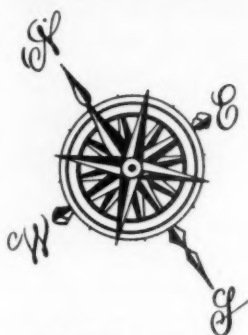
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been torn down and modern homes built there. This is as it should be—time marches on. My father was Inspector of Police John Sullivan, and I am sure many of the old people would remember him. I have been living in New Jersey since 1923 and I would not know the old town as in that time it must have greatly changed."

● And finally, we have a picture of Mr. and Mrs. William Lundrigan, of Brooklyn, N.Y., taken while they were on vacation at Witless Bay.



Mr. Lundrigan was in the St. John's office to see us not so long ago. He told us that Mrs. Lundrigan, formerly Elizabeth Kenny of Petty Harbor, and himself, were on a vacation in Newfoundland after 40 years residence in Brooklyn.

They have three daughters, Mary, Loretta and Katherine, all married and living in Brooklyn. And all, no doubt, ardent readers of "Atlantic Guardian."

Brian Cahill

NOVEMBER, 1951

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4 Men, 4 Days, 4 Trophies !

by JACK WHITE

IN Newfoundland, November wouldn't be November without a moose story—it's that way.

This, then, is a moose story, of how four men got four trophies on a four day trip. It could only happen in Newfoundland, the greatest moose hunting country in the world today, as the experts point out. Newfoundland is also credited with having the best caribou hunting in eastern North America, and the world-record head was taken here. It is easy to see how William ("Bill") Tiller of William Tiller Ltd., of St. John's, lured his friends from the big city down for a shooting trip.

"Give me four days," Bill said, "and I'll have a head for each of you. You can be back in New York, and your offices by Saturday!" They didn't quite believe him, but, anyway, they came.

There was Royal M. Fulwood from Georgia, but a New Yorker by choice; Ben Anderson, a Long Islander, and Cecil Gibbons, a Newfoundlander, but for many years a resident of Long Island.

When they landed at Gander Airport, Bill was there with the licenses and three guides, Tom, Orlando and Max Gillingham. Tom was seventy years of age, and the head guide.

As Fulwood later said, "We weren't out of sight of Gander Airport before we saw moose tracks! By then I was beginning to put a little more faith in Bill's promise!"

On the first day of hunting, Cecil got his bull caribou at 100 yards. When they brought it into camp, it went 250 pounds. On Day One they had scored Number One. Bill was, of course, jubilant. The next day, lying in wait on an island, Ben got a bull caribou at 400 yards. That made it Number Two on day Two.

The next day they went out again. This time it was the turn for Royal Fulwood, and Royal really got a chance when there hove into view a bull caribou, and a bull moose. He chose the bull caribou, drilling it neatly. That made it Number Three on Day Three.

But there was still Bill with only half a day to go and no trophy. True, he had got a head for each of his guests, but not one for himself. Only half a day remained—not much time, thought Bill.

Fulwood that morning went upstream with Orlando to get some pictures. Coming back, he heard four shots from the direction of the camp. Danged if it wasn't Bill who had shot a moose out in that swift rushing stream! Bill had to go out and prod him to shore before delivering the *coup de grace*.

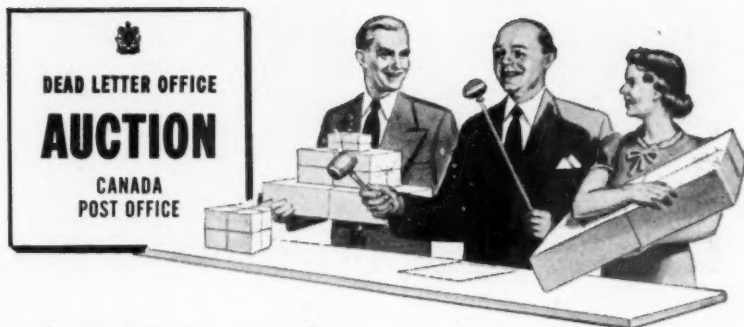
That made it Number Four on Day Four!

Now, where else in the world, asked Bill's awed friends, could you get a hunting trip to match that one? Four days, for men and four trophies!



Bill Tiller of St. John's wasn't fooling when he invited three city-bred friends down from the mainland for some "good" caribou hunting! And here are some of the highlights of their four-day trip out of Gander.

NOVEMBER, 1951



Auctions are fun ... but lost parcels aren't funny!

A lady you never heard of just *bought* the lovely tea set you mailed to Aunt Sophie last year. Not much fun for you in that, but nice for the lady who got it for half what you paid for it.

The gift didn't reach Aunt Sophie because the Post Office just couldn't read the address on the package, or the wrapper came off because the package wasn't tied securely. The Post Office couldn't return the gift to you because there was no return address on, or inside the parcel.

Along with 6,000,000 other letters, circulars and packages—toys, wearing apparel, surveying instruments and even a horse collar—the tea set went to the Dead Letter Office, Canada's largest lost and found department. Experts couldn't figure out where the package was to go.

The package was stored for a year, but no one enquired about it. With thousands of others it was catalogued and sold at auction. That's when the lady you never heard of legally bought Aunt Sophie's tea set.

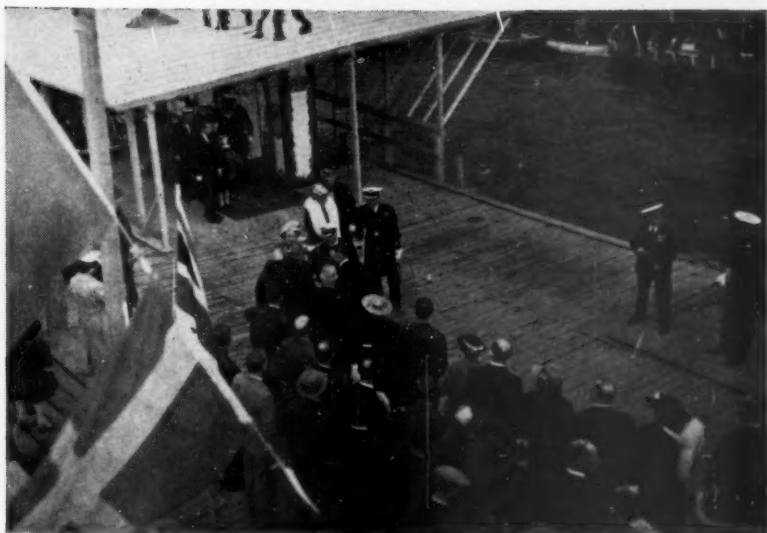
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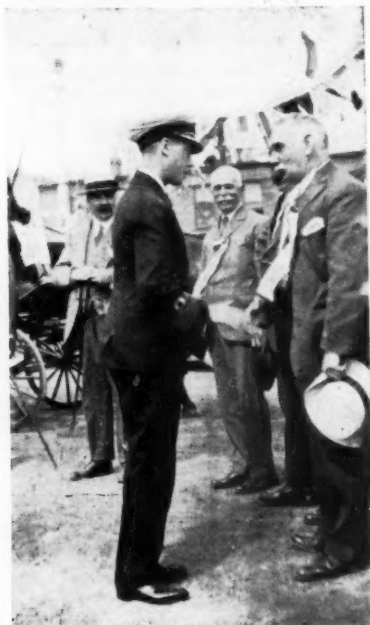
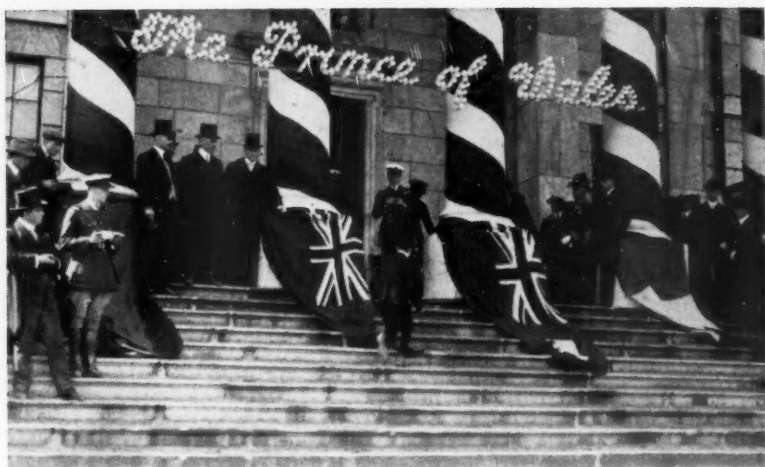
Popular royal visitors in Newfoundland in 1939 were King George VI and Queen Elizabeth, shown here as they said goodbye on Portugal Cove Wharf.

Royal Port-of-Call

by **MICHAEL HARRINGTON**

A TRADITION exists in some quarters that early in the 18th century a member of a reigning British Royal Family put in (probably in a man-o-war) to the Conception Bay settlement of Portugal Cove. So the wheel may be said to have come 'full circle' in 1939, when King George Sixth and Queen Elizabeth sailed from Portugal Cove to end their Royal Tour of Canada. Legend or fact, the tradition adds a little color to the present Royal Tour of Princes Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh which is now scheduled to come to a close in the same historic settlement in St. John's East.

The first recorded visit of British Royalty was that of Prince William Henry, Duke of Clarence, afterwards King William the Fourth. He was in Newfoundland as captain of H.M.S. *Pegasus*. During his stay in Newfoundland the Prince acted as Surrogate at Placentia and was not renowned for the wisdom or mildness of his magisterial decisions. There is one celebrated report that he sentenced an alleged offender to be flogged and found out, next day, that it was the wrong man. He also gave a commission to a young man, Edward Collins of Placentia, to whom he had taken a fancy. Collins was



In 1919, the youthful Prince of Wales visited the Island. Here, he shakes hands with Sir P. T. McGrath, President of the Legislative Council;

while Mayor A. G. Gosling (right background) and Sir John R. Bennett, Minister of Militia during World War I (left, background) look on.

During his 1919 visit, the Prince of Wales took part in the presentation of medals at the Colonial Building. With him, as he stands between the flag-draped pillars of Newfoundland's center of government, are leading figures of the day in Newfoundland government.

appointed Lieutenant in H.M.S. *Foudroyant* in 1800, a ship which had been captured from the French.

The first Royal Tour to include Newfoundland began in 1860, when the Prince of Wales, later King Edward Seventh, arrived in St. John's on July 23rd after eleven days at sea en route to Canada. The Prince arrived on board H. M. S. *Hero*, with H. M. S. *Ariadne* as escort and Royal

Salutes were fired from the forts ringing the harbor. Although the official landing did not take place till the following day, a diary kept at the time suggests he did come ashore unofficially that same night. The diarist stated some of the officers came ashore after dark and went up to Government House. Among them was a young lad said to resemble the Prince very closely. They returned to their ships later.

Next morning, after a heavy rainstorm stopped, the official landing took place at the Queen's Wharf at noon. Number Two Company of the Volunteer Rifle Brigade presented arms as the Prince stepped ashore, and Royal Salutes roared from the several men-o-war in port, including a French cruiser *Sesostric*, and the forts.

Royal Welcome

The Prince walked up a boardwalk covered with red baize from the landing-place. He got into the carriage of John Fox, Esq., and remained several minutes halted till everyone, including school children and members of Societies, got a good look at him. At Government House the remainder of Rifle Companies drilled on the lawn in the presence of the Royal Party. No. 4 Company which arrived on the scene was completely ignored because it had previously refused to take the oath of allegiance. A levee was held at Government House, and at night fireworks and illuminations were most spectacular, the fireworks being set off from the Colonial Building and the grounds.

On Wednesday the 25th the Prince drove as far as Twenty Mile Pond accompanied by Bishop Feild. On his return he visited the Anglican and Roman Catholic Cathedrals, and other institutions then drove around Quidi Vidi where the Annual Regatta was taking place and stayed some time on the race-course. He left the course and drove up to the Blockhouse on Signal Hill where the Royal Standard floated during the Royal Visit. That night there was a Ball at Government House. There was no Three Day Regatta in 1860 as is commonly supposed. Next day, he embarked, his carriage being hauled to the wharf by crowds of people with Captain Terence Halleran, one of our famous "jowlers" in the lead.

During his stay the Prince was presented with a handsome Newfoundland Dog which he named "Cabot." In his turn he presented a Bible to the Anglican Cathedral stamped with the Royal Arms and suitably inscribed. On the Prince's behalf the Duke of Newcastle, one of his entourage, inquired if there were any people in gaol in St. John's for debt. If so, they were to be released and their creditors satisfied from the Royal Purse. Believe it or not, there were none!

The 1860 Tour

The next Royal Visit was incidental. In 1883, Prince George, later George the Fifth, visited Newfoundland as a midshipman in H. M. S. *Canada*. He came back as part of a scheduled Royal Tour as Duke of Cornwall and York,

with his Duchess, later Queen Mary. Returning from Canada, the Royal Pair entered St. John's in the Royal Yacht, H.M.S. *Ophir*, Wednesday, October 23rd, 1901. The *Ophir* was a fast passenger ship chartered for the Royal Tour from the Peninsular and Oriental line. She was escorted by four British cruisers, in addition to H.M.S. *Charybdis* on the Newfoundland station.

The *Ophir* moored at the old Coastal Wharf, between Hill o' Chips and Cochrane Street, and was greeted by the guns of Fort Townsend in salute. The route from the wharf to Government House was illuminated and decked with arches of boughs and fish-barrels. That night there was a torchlight parade by the police, firemen, reserves and brigades, which finished off with a tattoo in front of the East End Fire Hall in full view of the *Ophir's* main deck where the Royal Couple's suite was located.

The Harbor Display was perhaps the most striking feature of the town's decorations. The fishing schooners were moored in line, side by side, along the north side, beginning at Job's Cove. The sealing steamers were moored in line, head to stern, on the Southside. Foreign-going vessels not lying at wharves were moored in line side by side at the head of the harbor. All craft were decorated with flags by day and lanterns in the rigging at night. An estimated 500 vessels hoisted their lanterns at seven o'clock p.m. The portlight was hoisted to the foremost, the starboard light to the mainmast, and

other lanterns in the forerigging and topping lift.

On the 24th of October, 1901, the Duke laid the memorial stone of the new courthouse. He was presented with the beautiful silver trowel used in the ceremony, also with a noble dog, and a dog-cart locally made with local-made harness. The dog was a Newfoundland Dog though one newspaper said "the canine is an alleged Newfoundland dog, though this is doubted by many." There were the usual children's demonstration, state dinners, presentations, band concerts. On the 25th another Royal Visit was concluded.

Another Royal Visitor who arrived in Newfoundland incidentally, was the Prince of Battenberg, who arrived on September 5th, 1905, on H.M.S. *Drake*. He was an ancestor of Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh, which makes his unofficial visit somewhat noteworthy. This visit was followed in 1913 by the visit of Prince Albert the present King, who came here as a cadet in H.M.S. *Cumberland*. He landed at the King's Wharf in the 28th of June and was received by Governor and Lady Davidson and other notables.

The next Royal Tour of Canada and Newfoundland was that of the Prince of Wales, grandson of the Royal Visitor of 1860. The future King Edward Eighth arrived in Newfoundland, Monday, August 11th, 1919. He came in a squadron of Royal Naval vessels, H.M.S. *Renown*, *Dauntless* and *Dragon*, which dropped anchor in Conception Bay. Topsail had the distinc-

tion of being the first piece of Newfoundland soil on which the Prince stood. He came ashore in the afternoon, walked through the village and climbed Topsail Bluff.

He landed from the *Dauntless* at the King's wharf at midday, Tuesday the 12th, and there received an Address of Welcome from Mayor Gosling. The procession went to Government House via Water Street and an Address was received from the Board of Trade at the junction of Water and Queen Streets. Arches of boughs, fish-drums, and dried cod were erected along the route. In the afternoon a presentation of medals to heroes of the *Florizel* disaster was made at the Colonial Building. Later there was a garden party at Government House, and a dinner and dance in the evening. In the forenoon of Wednesday the 13th, the Prince drove around Quidi Vidi Lake, and attended the Regatta which was being held.

First Sovereigns

First visit of a reigning King and Queen of England came in 1939. Returning from a Canadian and American Tour, King George and Queen Elizabeth, aboard the *Empress of Britain*, entered Conception Bay, Saturday morning, the 17th of June. The *Empress* was escorted by H.M.S. *Berwick*, *Southampton* and *Glasgow*. Landing was made at Holyrood from the Royal Barge and the Monarchs and their entourage motored to St. John's. On the way they passed under twenty-one arches to the City Limits of St. John's where they were met by

Mayor Carnell. The King spoke to the people of Newfoundland from a pavilion erected at this point, through Radio Station VONF, operated by what was then the Broadcasting Corporation of Newfoundland.

Cheering Crowds

The motorcade proceeded around the town between lines of cheering spectators. A unique feature of the procession from Holyrood was the innovation of traffic control by radio, directed by the late Chief of Police, P. J. O'Neill. Another unique event was the knighting of Sir John Puddester at the reception at Government House grounds in the afternoon, the first open-air investiture held, it is believed, for a long time. The Royal Party then left for Portugal Cove, on the way reviewing a massed parade of Boy Scouts, Girl Guides, C.L.B. and other youth organizations. The day was fine but cold, with a heavy wind.

At Portugal Cove it was decided not to use the Royal Barge (a pinnacle) and the M. S. *Maneco* which was standing by, bedecked in readiness for such an eventuality, was honored when the Royal Standard came aboard as the King and Queen transferred from the pinnacle to the local vessel. The *Maneco* will have another such distinction when she carries Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip to their ship this month.

It was hoped that the ship carrying the Royal Visitors would

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pass close to Signal Hill and arrangements had been made for a fireworks display at the summit. This plan could not be carried out, owing to darkness and rising wind, and the thousands of people who thronged the hill had to go down again disappointed. The fireworks display and bonfires went on later in the evening from the Southside Hills.

As this is being written preparations are being finalized for the Royal Visit of 1951. Newfoundlanders are gratified that this Island, which was scheduled to be the last stop of Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh, was the first place on which they set foot when their plane came down at Gander on Thanksgiving Day.

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SGT. TIM NEEDED COURAGE WHEN
THE "THING" WAS ABROAD ON

Phantom Hill

A SHORT STORY

by W. W. GARDNER

UNCLE MOSE shook his head slowly and deliberately, emphasizing his disapproval with a shaky forefinger. 'It 'ud be tempt-in' Providence. That's what it 'ud be! Now me, you couldn't get me to walk around Harbor Breton Bay at this time o' night—not if you gave me a hundred dollars cash money in my hand!' The grey beard, flecked as with streaks of rust, came to rest with an air of settled finality.

Sergeant Tim Hannihan of the Terra Nova Constabulary was un-

comfortable but equally resolute. "What other way is there for me to get home?" he demanded. "With the bight newly skimmed over no one'll risk rowin' me across to the harbor—not that I blame 'em, for the thin ice is razor sharp and apt to shear through a punt's plankin' in no time." |

"That's right," agreed Uncle Mose, "you'll have to walk around the bay to get home, but bide here tonight and do your walkin' by daylight."

The old man's invitation was alluring, for the Sergeant was tired—having trudged all afternoon through deep snow over rough

trails. But it was Christmas Eve and the home lights twinkling across the narrow strip of ice covered water tugged at his heart strings. "It's a good ten-mile trek," he sighed, "but the moon'll be up presently and 'twill be as light as day."

"Things move in moonlight as hide from the light o' day." The old man's voice was deep and solemn, like when the parson intones the burial service. "I've heard tales about that trail as 'ud curdle your blood. I wouldn't take no money to go over Phantom Hill after sunset!"

Sergeant Tom's Celtic nerves tingled in sympathy with the other's tones and he felt more than half inclined to yield to the urgings of his ancient friend, but thought of Nora and the infant all alone there in that great lonely old house strengthened his resolution. He thrust nervous misgivings behind him, and, bidding Uncle Mose "Good night and a Merry Christmas!", strode off before other arguments could be brought to bear upon him.

The night was clear, and bright stars hung low in a frosty sky. Presently the moon came up casting grotesque shadows across the whitened ground. The fir trees, draped in shrouds of snow, bowed over the trail like so many watching spectres that stirred and moaned occasionally when prodded by the icy finger of rising wind. The sergeant drew his cloak closer around him. Unconsciously he quickened his pace when he came to the sharp curve where the trail dipped into the dark valley, the opposite wall of

which was dreaded Phantom Hill. Try as he might to turn his mind to other topics the sepulchral voice of old Uncle Mose kept ringing in his ears—"Things walk by moonlight as hide from the light o' day." Unbidden and unwelcomed, memories of other stories he had heard about this place thrust themselves upon him—stories of Indian ambushes, of slaughtered pirates whose ghosts guarded blood-stained treasures.

The ascent was steep, and when he reached the top Tim's breathing was labored and his brow dripped with sweat. Instinctively his eyes darted from side to side, probing the shadows where scragged, stunted growths thinly bordered the trail. Suddenly a foot froze in mid-air. The very marrow of his bones turned to ice and every hair upon his head pricked stiffly erect. To the right of the trail and not twenty paces ahead of him stood a silent, grisly figure. Its head was snowy white. A long grey beard stirred gently as with a spirit wind, and an arm was outstretched in a gesture that spoke to Tim of malediction rather than blessing.

Time lost all meaning and afterwards he was never able to say how long he stood there, frozen into immobility. At last his curdled blood began to move sluggishly and Reason tried to reassert himself. "'Tis me mind is playin' me tricks," he whispered to himself, and though his words lacked conviction he forced one leaden foot before the other—never taking his eyes from the unearthly figure as he crept along. Then, as suddenly as it had appeared, the figure van-

Baby of the Month



Seasoned flier at less than two years of age, David Ronald Lance lives only 100 yards from the largest commercial airstrip in the world—Gander—and had flown 4,000 miles before he was two months old. The pint-sized Marco Polo is the son of David Lance, of Hamilton, a Trans Canada Air Lines engineer stationed at Gander; "Mommy" is a Newfoundlander from Gambo. David Jr. figures on being a crack pilot by 1970!

ished! It was too much for overwrought nerves and, unashamedly, Tim turned and fled the way he had come. Half way down the hill he stumbled and went sprawling. The deep, soft snow saved him from injury and the fall served a good purpose, it shook his scattered senses together again.

"A fine sort of man you are to be on The Force, Tim Hannihan," he chided himself, "bolting like a scared rabbit from a bit of moonlight and shadow!" Gingerly he picked himself up and forced himself once more to mount the awful hill. True, he had little stomach for what he did. True, he climbed very slowly and deliberately. Nevertheless, he did advance against the unknown. As he approached the place where he had seen the apparition his heart beat wildly and his eyes focussed with painful intensity where it had seemed to stand. One step and he saw nothing but trees and snow-covered rocks; the next, his hair again stood on end, for in the same position and posture the menacing figure stood motionless as before. He had not been mistaken! There was something there! Cautiously, not daring to turn his face from the terrifying Thing, Tim stepped backwards. The vision vanished!

One could hardly have blamed the poor fellow had he sought to escape that place as quickly as he might, but there was some stubborn element of his nature that now held him to the ground. "It made no move towards me," he reassured himself. Then he began to think of the long road along which he had come. His own home was

nearer now than the friends he had left back in Jersey Harbor. "'Twill do me no good to run," was his next thought, "I might as well go on as turn back." Then he remembered what night it was. Surely at this blessed time when the Heavenly Choirs sang to the earth of Peace and Good Will, surely tonight the Forces of Good were stronger than the Forces of Evil. So he comforted and strengthened himself.

Slowly, hesitantly, he started forward once more. Again appeared the white crowned figure with the flowing beard and out-thrust arm; but there was no turning back this time. Slowly, steadily, he advanced. A half dozen paces and the Thing vanished as it had before. Tim's first impulse was to take to his heels, but a strange thing happened. Like every other faculty, his moral courage had grown with each hard won victory. "I must find out what that Thing is," he cried in sudden strong determination.

Racked by the dread to which he would not yield he stepped backwards in his own tracks until once more the figure appeared before his eyes. Scraping up his last resource of courage he turned and stepped off the path in the direction of this strange, silent being. A dozen slow paces he took, then stopped and rubbed his eyes. Another hesitant step and then he stopped again and stared wordless. Weakly he sank upon a rock while a long drawn sigh escaped his lips.

He sat there for maybe five minutes, then he got up and strode lightly back to the trail. "Thank

God, Tim Hannihan," he said to himself, "that you had sense enough to go back. An old gnarled stump with a whisp o' mol-dow hangin' from it, and a bit of snow on its top, is surely something to scare the wits out of a great hulk like you!"

In fact, his apparition had been no more. Optical illusion added to frayed nerves can transform the most ordinary things into strange and even terrifying objects.

This tale of his near discomfiture became, in later years, one of Sergeant Tim's choicest stories. 'And if the Good Lord hadn't given me the wit and courage to go back and find out what it really was," he invariably concluded, "that old stump would have been another ghost to add to the terrors of Phantom Hill."

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Folksongs For The Future

by MICHAEL P. MURPHY

NEWFOUNDLAND is a more prolific source of folk songs than the mountain ranges of the Virginias that fostered the hill-billy tunes, or the highlands of Cape Breton. Or so says Dr. MacEdward Leach, Profesor of Folklore at the University of Pennsylvania, who recently toured the southern shore collecting and recording the folk songs of Newfoundland.

Some of these Newfoundland songs now form part of the 40,000-song collection of the American Folklore Society, filed away for reference in the vast library of Congress at Washington, D.C., and, in years to come, it will still be possible for new generations to hear "Newfie" songs as once they were sung.

Other collections of Newfoundland folk songs have been made, of course. After visiting many of the northern outports, Elizabeth Greenleaf and Grace Mansfield published, in 1929, the "Ballads and Sea Songs of Newfoundland," many of which have been set to music. In 1934, Maude Carpeles published "Folk Songs of Newfoundland."

The American Folklore Society collection, when complete, will not only contain the songs of Newfoundland, but will be the greatest collection of local dialects in the world, sung in practically every language and dialect in North and South America.

As secretary-treasurer of the So-

ciety, Dr. Leach planned a tour that covered the Southern Shore as far as Ferryland, as well as Flat Rock, Pouch Cove, Port aux Basques and Port au Port. This was his second trip to Newfoundland.

Among the all-Newfoundland songs of the island, Dr. Leach found several old English folk songs probably hundreds of years old—such as "Barbara Allen," "The Cruel Mother," and "Lamb-kin" and "Lord Bateman." These songs, brought over by the first settlers, have been handed down from generation to generation of Newfoundlanders and, allowing for slight variations in the airs and the presence of native idioms, are almost the same as when they came from England centuries ago.

The tape recorder method of transcription, as used by Dr. Leach, is the most accurate method of recording folk songs because it reproduces exactly what the singer sings and faithfully repeats the accent and way of pronunciation.

In the deep south, it is difficult to find a man who can sing or even remember a folk song, according to Dr. Leach. Newfoundland and Cape Breton Island are exceptional in this respect, for the songs of the people are cropping up every day. In the Trepassey area alone, he collected 131 songs in less than a week—some old, some relatively new.

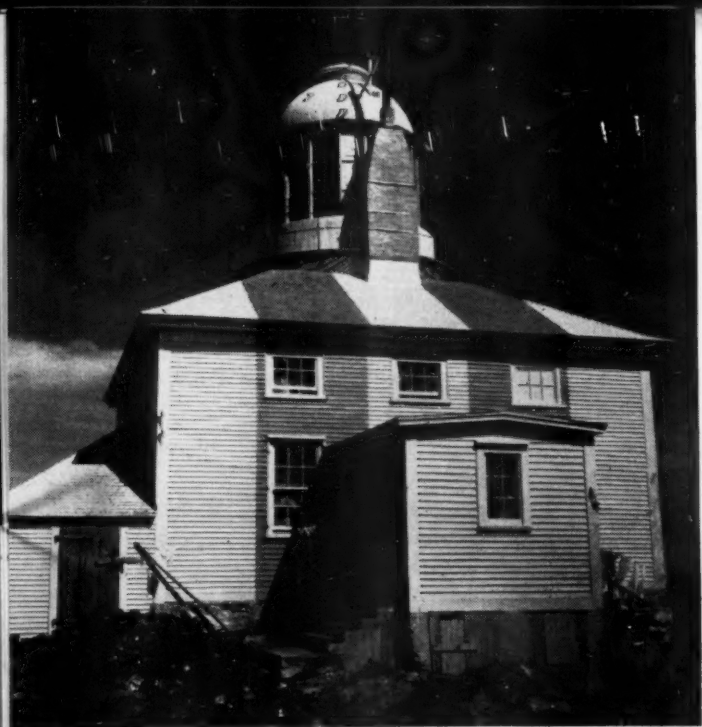
And all have their place in the Washington archives — folksongs filed away for the future.

NEWFOUNDLAND ALBUM

Beacon at Bonavista

Overlooking two bays—Trinity and Bonavista—the historic light that once warned ships away from the Inch Cape Rock now safeguards Newfoundland ships rounding Cape Bonavista. For more than 100 years, sunset to sunrise, the huge, gleaming beacon has never missed a night, and its present keeper, Hubert Abbott (right) makes sure that it never will while he and assistant Harty Russell (left) are in charge.





Sailing schooners often cruise close under the rocks of Cape Bonavista, although the transplanted Inch Cape Light throws its beam 15 miles to sea. Several hundred visitors will wend their way up the long humpy road from town each summer, and the guest book bears addresses in Canada, United States, and quite a few places in England.



The lighthouse, with its scarlet bands on white, today looks as modern as a 1951 Christmas Card, but the paint is a camouflage for age. The walls, actually, are nine inches thick, and the circular stairway leading to the light is so well insulated that an old-time oven has been built in on the kitchen side. All during the night, there must be regular treks up that staircase to "wind up" the light by means of a hand crank. A weight below the floor of the machinery does the rest, unwinding the machinery slowly for two hours. The light was made in 1816 by Change Brothers in Birmingham—brought to Newfoundland in 1842.





Sharing the lonely promontory of Cape Bonavista with the Inch Cape Light is the fog horn with its loud, hoarse bellow of "Beeeee Ohhhhhh!" The daughter of the lighthouse keeper, Phyllis Abbott, is as adept as her father at operating the horn with its long belts and boiler-type 'sound track'. Here she starts the machinery in motion. No such warning ever greeted John Cabot when he came sailing up to Cape Bonavista to make his landfall in the New World!



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November Is Supply Month

by DON W. S. RYAN

THIS is the month for getting home winter supplies in our northern coves and ports.

It is also the month of storms and occasional shipwrecks, and November's winds are generally furious.

Our fishing and coastal skippers are wise to November's ways and keep an experienced eye on the weather glass as they clear the harbor point, pass beneath the lighthouse, and cut their course for Baccalieu, knowing that, before nightfall, they will make Big Tickle, will have cleared the harbor shoals, and will tie up at Skipper Jim's wharf.

At dawn, with a favorable glass and a promising sky, they are off again with a part cargo of fish in the hold. Finally, Cape Spear is passed. The Narrows, made, and the schooners tie up for two or three days.

This is probably the last trip to St. John's for the season.

Barrels of beef and pork, tierces of molasses, sacks of sugar and flour, and cases of butter and tea are loaded on board. There are numerous other cartons, some of which are packed tight with Christmas toys and gifts for the villagers back home.

It is a big day when the schooner puts back in port again in late November or early December, and there are plenty of hands to help



unload the cargo. Just about all the folks are home for Christmas and nobody is extra busy now. They all join in.

There is buying to do now and the village store does a brisk business for a few days. The Christmas presents are soon bought and secretly stored away for Junior's and Mary's Christmas stocking.

But sometimes the supplies and the Christmas presents never reach their destination.

The trip along the northern coasts at this season is often an hazardous one. Winds spring up with very little warning, and storms break with very little forecasting. Sometimes the nearest port is not reached before nightfall and the provision-laden schooner has to ride it out. Disaster strikes occasionally, the ship is wrecked, sometimes with loss of life.

But the little ships must brave the voyage. They must come south and get supplies, and come rough seas and high winds the voyage must be made before the chilly northern current churns up its slob ice and closes the harbors and coves for the winter season.

What supplies are in then are in until the coming of spring when the little ships come south again.



Radio In A Church

by **ADELAIDE LEITCH**

IN a small Newfoundland outport, a little girl in pigtails goes to Sunday School, by radio. A fishing boat, rocking off the Gaspé coast, picks up schooner reports and news of Newfoundland sent by a radio announcer in a church basement in St. John's. And, sitting in a wheel chair in the Capital City, an invalid has a warm little glow of pride because her small contribution has helped finance a service unique in Newfoundland and one that has gone a long way toward cutting down the lonelines of the outport Newfoundlander—Wesley

United Church's unique station VOWR.

The first radio station to be set up in the Old Colony, Station VOWR came into being on July 20, 1924, as "8WMC" with the avowed intention of bringing the church to those people that could not put on their best bonnets and suits and go to it. The isolated people of the outports, the chronic invalids, the older folk of the island who found walking even a short distance a chore—these were the people who profited most. Back of the establishment of the station was the minister of Wesley Church,

Rev. J. G. Joyce, and he was not long in realizing the educational and entertainment values of his non-denominational, non-commercial station.

Its services were opened to churches of all denominations all without charge. Today, it has announcers and technicians (many of them avid radio "hams") who donate their time to the work of operating the church radio station and, throughout the island, it has a host of contributors to its upkeep.

These same strong supporters helped purchase the new 1000-watt transmitter which was opened in 1948 by the station's founder, Rev. Dr. Joyce, who returned from Verdun, Quebec, especially for the official opening.

Every Sunday afternoon, there is a children's half hour—half Sunday School of the Air, half an adventure broadcast. Every Sunday evening, the Wesley Church service goes out over the air, followed by around 200 hospital reports, together with schooner news and, when necessary, death notices.

Sunday morning belongs to any other church in St. John's that wishes to make use of the time and the facilities of Station VOWR. In addition to the Sunday services and the mid-week services Thursday, the station has broadcast nurses' graduations, round table discussions and—recently—the presentation of 80 Gideon Bibles to Grace Hospital.

When Manitoba was battling its rising floods, VOWR was the first to sponsor a public flood relief fund. It did the same thing with the Rimouski disaster. In its major

role as radio station, it was the only means of communication when the Burin Tidal Wave swept over the peninsula in November of 1929, taking with it all contact with the rest of the island. In the Viking Disaster of March 30, 1911, it also played its part.

Ingenious is the word for Station VOWR in its fund-raising campaigns. Almost an institution now is its annual radio auction (scheduled this year for 7.30 p.m. November 7 and again on November 8) and the telephone lines of St. John's are hot when the studio auctioneer starts the bidding. At the annual Grand Concert at Prince of Wales College November 12, another VOWR institution will go into operation.

And, when Princess Elizabeth and her sailor husband reach St. John's November 11, Station VOWR will be on the CBN hook-up that carries the broadcast from the Cathedral.

Literally thousands of letters have flooded into the mail box of Rev. A. J. Barrett, B.A., B.D., the present minister of the church, and several hundred more into the offices of Jas. R. Tucker, chairman of the Radio Board, and Everett Hudson, secretary.

In the quarter of a century that Station VOWR has been in operation, it has worked its way into many homes and gone as far afield as Labrador (meanwhile hopping agilely over Gander which has never heard a broadcast). It has paid no fees to its volunteer staff and it has operated in its church basement studio with the precision of a network station.



Horse Sense — So close is the town of Grand Falls to the days of the pioneers that there is still an occasional—and inadvertent—slip of the tongue.

One of the town's leading ladies picked up her phone the other day and gave an order for groceries. Then, to her horror, she heard herself adding, "Thank you, that will be all—and send it up on the team."

Shortly, several hundred horsepower delivered her order—but by truck.

Shrinking Skyscraper — A fierce controversy—and also a small bet—is under way these days in Hawkes Bay, Newfoundland. Thomas Thistle and Gordon Hiscock want to know which writer is correct in his judgment of the height of the skyscraper Empire State Building in New York—Ron Pollett in *Atlantic Guardian* or Robert E.

Pinkerton in *True*. Ron says it is "1,465 from the ground to the top of the 215-foot television broadcasting mast." But Bob Pinkerton in *True* states flatly, "... there has been added a television tower 222 feet and more than 18 stories high, bringing the height to 1,472 feet above the street." Does anyone know—for sure?

With French Dressing — Anybody think that Squid are useful only for bait? One of Canada's flossier national magazines recently came out with a feature story (in color) on the matter of salads. And included in a list of tidbits to tickle the palate of a gourmet were such things as frogs' legs, avocado—and squid!

Coast to Coast — Advertising is a wonderful media, and doesn't the west coast of Canada believe in it though! Recently released in a St. John's newspaper was an item concerning the Canadian dishes placed before the Royal Visitors at their first official dinnes in Ottawa last month, including "c h o i c e Newfoundland salmon." And on the page opposite was an ad extolling the virtues of British Columbia canned salmon!

CUTE AS A FOX

There is an old saying, "cute as a fox."

And it seems that a fox on Thwart Island, Notre Dame Bay, is cuter than many of his relatives for, while they were running through the tall timber in search of their supper, our hero made his way into a camp and made friends with the game warden—of all people!

The warden began leaving tid bits of food around and the fox, apparently fed up with the arduous job of keeping his stomach full, readily accepted the hospitality of his traditional enemy and came boldly into camp.

Chief Game Warden Harry Walters tells of another odd case where an "untameable fox" was tamed. Earlier this year, a young fox was picked up on the Badger Road and bottle-fed until he was as friendly as a dog.



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Success Story Of A Column

ONE Sunday evening last June, while the children were playing with the kittens, and the evening meal was clamoring to be cooked, a harried lady editor stared at her typewriter and worried—aloud—about a subject for her next day's column. Iris Power, Women's Editor of the Evening Telegram, St. John's, could almost feel that deadline breathing down her neck!

"Whatever am I going to write about?" she worried.

Twelve-year-old Francis, with male superiority, looked up and said, with finality and authority, "Write about cats!"

"Cats?" repeated Mrs. Power.

"Sure—cats!" ordered Francis. "Write about Ginger and the time we shut her in the oven and had to get a brin bag . . ."

And so Mrs. Power wrote about Ginger the Cat—with a mental memo to write something better in the morning if there was time.

But the morning deadline arrived before the second column did—and Ginger and his nine lives went into print in the "Odds and Ends" column.

Three months later, with the top women writers of newspaper, magazine and radio gathered in Halifax for the biennial convention of the Canadian Women's Press Club, Iris Power, feeling a little as if it



The Telegram's Women's Editor Iris Power and the inspiration for the prize-winning column—Francis (back), Pamela (left) and Robin (right).

were all a dream, walked to a place of honor at the head table for the formal dinner, and received the top award for the best newspaper story of the year by a Canadian woman.

Mrs. Power's first "Odds and Ends" column appeared just a year ago July, when she stepped into the job of women's editor of the Telegram. She entered the newspaper world just a year before that when she took a proof reading job.

Mrs. Power, a graduate of the College of Our Lady of Mercy, studied piano and violin and threw a good deal of her exuberant energy into arranging bazaars, working on the school magazine and acting in plays and concerts before turning to writing.

The three Power children did

condescend to read "Mommy's column" the day she wrote about Ginger the Cat, although—Mrs. Power admits ruefully—ordinarily they're much more interested in their own activities. Francis, 12, leans naturally toward football, swimming (he dives like a fish)

and giving as much time as he can spare to the pets of the Power household—which, he insists, talk to him. Robin, at 8, prefers dolls. and three-year-old Pamela holds long conversations with the kittens and puppies that are forever in the household of Iris Power.

GINGER, THE CAT

(Reprinted Courtesy of The Evening Telegram)

by IRIS POWER

TUESDAY it was birds, today it's about a cat. Next thing, you'll probably say, it's bats in the belfry. But you must really hear about this cat. You've often heard that a cat has nine lives—well, we are witnesses that a cat has at least three.

Ginger, lately deceased, was a tortoise-shell Persian. Overbearing in her manner, she had a German shepherd dog so cowed that he only ventured into his owner's house when Ginger was out. After she had demonstrated to him who was boss, she never even felt it necessary to glance at him. Her appearance was enough to send the fearless-looking dog skulking around the corner of the house with his tail between his legs.

Two pet rabbits who had a pen behind the house were so terrified of her baleful glare that they continually kept burrowing underground until they had a fine system of tunnels ready for escape when they saw her coming.

She was a martinet in the house. Children had to treat her with respect, and they instinctively real-

ized that she wouldn't tolerate the tomfoolery of petting. She would have made such a Grand Dame in olden days. One could picture her with a bunch of keys, locking up the pantries and wine-cellar and counting the pieces of silver after the maid had cleaned them. She wasn't popular, but she lent an air of hauteur and dignity to the ramshackle house and as she gave the impression that she owned the place, no one thought of disputing the true ownership with her.

Well, arrogant as she was, she just took it for granted that traffic should stop when she wished to cross the road. But one fine day, a lout of a driver, who didn't know a lady when he saw one, hit her while he was doing fifty miles an hour. Curtains, goodbye, adieu Ginger, we thought, as we saw her describe an arc through the air and land against a tree with a smack that practically flattened her out. But Ginger wasn't dead, not by a long shot. She just shed one life and took on another, as she picked herself up, dusted herself off and strode wrathfully across the road

in her usual manner, forcing the traffic to halt. Fortunately, they were all gentlemen drivers.

She lost her second life one day when, having climbed a very high tree to have a view of the surrounding countryside, she miscalculated her step and came crashing to the ground. But a leaf stirred where she'd fallen, and one could almost picture her ghost, regal as in life, setting off to establish authority over cat heaven. But, you'll hardly believe it, after a breathing spell that was long enough to throw off her second life and don her third, Ginger got up, yawned, flicked her tail at Barney, the German shepherd who had been waiting hopefully for rigor mortis to set in, and stalked into the house for some refreshment.

But death, when it came, was an ignominious end for the once-proud dictator. As we reconstructed it afterwards, it happened like this: some meat was left in the oven of the stove and the fire was out. Ginger must have gone in after it and, having eaten it all, she just nestled where she was for a nap. Some one noticed the oven door open, closed it, and started the fire; then, while it was burning up, they left the kitchen.

Shrieks from the mother of the household, who'd discovered the gasping Ginger, brought all the

members running and orders were given to put her out of her misery instantly. Excited running around looking for a brin bag in which to put her in the river behind the house, a piece of string and a stone—and out through the door rushed the man of the house bent on his errand of mercy. The only trouble was: Ginger and the stone still lay on the floor—there was no bottom in the bag.

Shouts to the man of the house to come back, disgusted looks at the empty bag he was running with, what kind of a house was this—no brin bag when you needed one—and another bag was produced. Ginger and the stone went off in the bag and the naseau caused by such a horrible situation was beginning to subside. When, horrors, what was that? Not a cat meowing meekly at the back door? Fearful of seeing a ghost, the household did, for there was Ginger on the doorstep, wet, bedraggled and limp—in the excitement nobody had tied the bag, and she had returned to live another day, another week, another month—yes, you've guessed it—she's still with us. We rather think that her third life carried her off—but her ghost is so life-like, even to her haughty manner, that the household is still divided over whether it's really Ginger or just her shade.

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Newfoundland "Riviera"

This is the first of several articles by our New York contributor based on his visit "home" to Newfoundland last summer. The others will appear in succeeding issues. . .

by **RON POLLETT**

FOR a city man the village nights are so quiet the mice in the ceiling sound like rats.

Where I visited last summer, in the same house I was born in fifty years ago in Trinity Bay, the mice operated a complete sawmill in the bedroom upstairs. Laden with augers, gimlets, chisels, cross-cuts, and portable buzz-saws, they climbed the chimney casing and started work the minute my head hit the pillow. Their job was to cut through the thick boards to feast on the paste of a new layer of wallpaper. The dents I made in the ceiling driving them off with a broom handle are there yet.

But I missed the mice when they did quit after a week. The nights were so still, then, that I could almost hear a fly cough downstairs. There were no chirping crickets cracking the silence here. And, on cloudy nights, the darkness was so total I could easily sleep with my eyes open. It was altogether terrifying.

"Now, don't you go so sleep before I do!" my wife beside me kept saying. Like me, she was village reared but now used to a New York

bedroom over a busy-all-night street. To her in the stilly darkness of the old house, every sound at midnight was a ghost walking. I wasn't exactly composed myself. Childhood superstitions are readily revived!—and here I was, back among the spooks again.

The first night in the bedroom I did hear something scary. It was a persistent pat-pat on the clapboards just outside the window. The sound was not the knocking kind the goats make bumping their horns against the lee side of a house where they often seek shelter from the wind and rain. In any case, I knew there were no goats in our well-fenced yard; we were on the windy side and the sound was too far up anyway.

As the taps grew louder, the floor-length flimsy white window curtains spread half across the room in a sudden gust through the open window. The night had been stark calm just before the tapping began.

But, in a minute or two, the noise subsided and the curtains folded back like hands in a lap. The ghost had passed through the room! My wife must have heard and seen all of this, though she uttered not a word. It was no time for talk.

In the morning I looked out the window into the cheery sunlight and saw an apple tree alongside. It was loaded with fruit, and a big branch hugged the clapboards. I

broke the branch off, killing the ghost for good.

Ghosts Galore I

That first scare put me wise. The other nights were likewise filled with spooky sounds, such as the patting and scraping of dogberry sprigs smooching the roof and the muffled thud of a storm door swinging in the wind downstairs, to say nothing of the dirgeful moans of the night breeze in the stark branches of a withered spruce a few feet from the window. But all of that was old hat now.

Also disturbing, after a while, was the finger-tapping along the walls and on the ceiling. That I knew was millers, large night moths that flew in through the open window at the lighted bulb and then, when the light was turned off, blind-manned their way back. I grew to tolerate all of that.

But I never could get used to the penetrating dark plus the awful stillness of calm starless nights. It was happy enough dozing off when it rained or when the wind rustled the leaves or when there was moonlight. The sough of the surf a few yards away was soothing, too. But from the start to the finish of our four weeks in the village, my wife kept up her plaintive cry: "Now, don't you go to sleep before I do!"

Our ten-year-old daughter, on the other hand, was the model of composure, so far as I could judge. Like most city children, she knew nothing of ghost lore; for her, the night was simply night, as it would probably be for me in any other place than my native haunts where

I knew there are scary things afoot after dark.

So, in her case, the gravel pits at midnight held no headless spectres poised to cross the road, and she heard no screams out of the black waters where that woman was drowned years ago. In the pitch dark she nonchalantly entered the room where dead relatives had been laid out, and she fetched things from spooky places in the musty old barn no other foot dared tread at night. All she needed was a flashlight.

She made herself extremely useful. She was usually the one elected to go out after dark to retrieve the forgotten wash off the line, and we sent her into the makeshift "icebox"—the cool underground cellar in the woods a distance from the house—to get the margarine and milk and the left-over bully-beef for a bedtime snack. Then she went to bed alone in a room by herself at the far end of the house and that was all we heard of her until morning.

Then we heard plenty. In our house live three old persons, aged seventy and up, mostly up. They are my father and his two queens, as he calls them—his wife and a "widow-woman" who acts as maid. They shuffle noiselessly when they move at all.

The first few mornings, our daughter helped light the fire in the wood stove, the first she'd ever seen. The rattle of dampers from the new hand in the kitchen was the reveille then. Later, when the novelty wore off, she by-passed the cold stove to rush out into the dew

and chase the sheep and goats off a nearby meadow. Her shouts came through the windows.

When that pastime paled—after a long-horned he-goat turned about and faced her menacingly—she still rose early to be the first to feed the dogs and cats that gathered at the door for a hand-out, because the old persons took a special interest in stray pets. But I noticed the child shied clear of the big horse that pushed its head over the back fence to get its nozzle stroked by the woman who fed the cats. She was also afraid of the harmless old cow that sometimes blocked the lane leading from our door to the salt water.

So, shortly after daylight, it was the pounce of feet jumping the stairs two steps at a time that told me my daughter was having the fun of her life. It was her first trip off the cement sidewalks. There were a hundred new ways she could find enjoyment in the village. Our place in summer was made for children her age.

But we should have known better than to drag along in our luggage her city frocks and laces and picture hats. Instead, just overalls, sweaters, swimsuit, and a dress or two for traveling would have been enough. Also, a big supply of sturdy shoes for the rough roads—and let 'er rip!

Birds and Trees—and Weeds

Other sounds that jolted my waking ears were the cacophony of bird calls, sheep bleats, cow moos, and cockcrows. I'm used to being waked gently by auto horns, noisy voices from the street, and the

grinding gears of buses and other heavy traffic. The village orchestra tuning up for the day is really an alarm clock to city ears. But you grow to ignore it after a week or so.

As to the birds, it seems all the twittering life in the village nestles around our house—mostly yellow-hammers and tomtits. They cluster in the tall branchy spruces like apples on the apple tree. They nest in bunches under the eaves of the front porch and raise three broods of a summer.

And, since a baby bird eats three times its weight daily in grubs, worms, beetles, and bugs, and the parents are kept hopping from dawn to dusk to feed them, our porch was quite an aviary. The young ones were no bigger than thimbles, but their hunger cries squeaked all through the house.

My father likes the birds and says they're fine company. He waits their return every spring, then sits by the window and watches them hours on a stretch building their nests. It probably is good entertainment for him, as he has never seen a movie. Besides, it's a nice quiet way for a man of almost ninety to have fun. I told him he'd never get into trouble watching the birds!

But while he ordinarily kept the front porch a sanctuary, letting only important visitors, such as the minister, enter that way, he gladly turned the whole house, birds and all, over to my family. There we lolled on the veranda in the beautiful evenings and, among other fine views, watched the August sun set in a blaze of color across the harbor



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and behind the hills at the far side of the Bay.

A few yards to the left of the porch, stood a enormous white spruce almost as tall as the Norway spruce set up at Rockefeller Center in New York every year-end as a Christmas tree. My father said our tree was planted over a hundred years ago. He pointed out the bulge which grew from a knot he tied in the top when he was a youngster. The bottom branches have to be trimmed from time to time to keep them from blocking the lane.

Most of the other tall spruces around the yard have withered and died recently from a mysterious disease and should be chopped down. They would save my father a lot of money now paid out for firewood. But he protects them even in their drabness. And he'd shoot the man that ever put an axe to a live tree here. It was he who planted the birch and asp in the yard, but not so near the house as to shut of the sunlight through the windows. The apple and dogberry trees, the gooseberry, currant, and hop vines just grew by themselves. So did the weeds.

The whole yard now needs trimming. There are no young feet to keep the place trampled nor supple back to work the reaphook. My daughter did what she could the first few days, picking the weed flowers and buttercups and dandelion blossoms by the armful and lugging them into the house. Not until she placed some flowers into a tumbler and stood them on the breakfast table did I ever in all my life stop to study the weed blooms

ATLANTIC GUARDIAN

and discover how tenderly beautiful this scorned growth can really be.

But she soon tired of that too; there were so many other new things, all tumbling together in her mind. I suggested, then, that we employ the roadside croppers, the sheep and goats, at least to clear out a path. But my father said who was there to follow them up with the shovel, and anyway the hearse could always get up the lane, cluttered or not, and that was all he cared about now. He wades through the weeds to the corner shop once a day; the other two move outdoors hardly at all.

Newfoundland Riviera

Our veranda is only a gunshot from the landwash and we could sit there and watch the village children at play on the beach and in the water—our own daughter among them, of course. We tabbed her vivid green bath caps, and white satin swim suit splotted with huge red butterflies, as she splashed her course offshore through the eelgrass to the chest-high crystal-clear water and blue pebbly bottom. Here she disappeared for an instant, diving for seashells. But we felt no concern for her safety, as it was all steady water—no undertow. Besides, her bathing cost me not a penny; the beaches here are free to all comers.

We usually set table in the front porch where we could gaze out the bay window at the harbor or rest our eyes on the lush-green garden. The foreshore is now clean of flakes and stages, affording a clear view of the sea—which is the story of many another Avalon spot where

the fisheries have been practically abandoned in recent times. On hot days and calm evenings we even shifted to the balcony to eat our boiled dinners, complete with dumplings and blueberry jam, and something-out-of-a-can s u p p e r s. Breakfast we always had in the kitchen, where the smell of boiled salt tomcods seemed properly to belong.

What surprised me was the almost total absence of houseflies though our house was unscreened. Neither were there any singing nippers in the bedroom nor sandflies or mosquitos outdoors. True, the rooms had been sprayed with insecticide; but what was it that kept the flies out of the sugar at teatime on the veranda?

(Whenever I think of flies in the sugar, I'm reminded of the story about the old man in our village who was so frugal he picked the fly up and shook the sugar off it back into the bowl before letting it go. But, with sugar at fifteen cents today, who can blame him?)

The answer is, of course, the clouds of flies and spit-maggots departed with the fishing industry. This is welcome news for visitors from St. John's and inland towns and mainland cities who these days roam the well-roaded Avalon to enjoy its pastoral beauty in summer. Anyway, it was good news for me.

I never tired of the panoramic view from our porch now that I could see it through eyes long used to the hazed-in city. I never before realized the changing moods of the evening sky as the sun glided into a gold-fringed cloudbank, then

emerged leisurely to beam a bright-amber farewell from the distant hilltops. And in the hundreds of times I'd seen the sun "drawing water" in Trinity Bay, I never really studied the phenomena until last summer.

"We're now on the French Riviera," I said to my wife as she poured the tea, Newfoundland strength—the color of red wine anyhow. "I'm a millionaire and don't know it."

Like many another seacoaster in this section, my father chose what turned out to be a perfect site for his house only because it happened to be near his fishing stage. I doubt he's ever appreciated his luck, except that he found the spot a fine place to plant the trees he liked, and, for that reason, he has always lived there among the shrubs and flowers overlooking the shimmering harbor. But his oldest son (myself), who has been buried in cement in the heart of a big city lot these many years, can surely reap a harvest on his trips back.

For instance, tab that rainbow the latter part of August! I was on my favorite perch watching the evening sky and thinking how crazy the weather was—raining by the reeves with the sun shining. Gradually I sensed an eerie color flooding the landscape and turned to look around the corner at the sky in back of the house.

A sweeping arc of candy ribbon was hung across the heavens and pinned to the north and south horizons. The vivid colors were reflected on the green slopes of the wooded hills, so that the rainbow

was on the landscape almost as much as in the sky.

Then a similar band appeared, a few yards from the other. Now the two formed a sky arch, a wide segment of dark purple fringed with plaid stripes. The borders of the segment—the rainbows—seemed to vie in exuding color, seemed reluctant to merge across the band. And they never did meet, except to touch hands occasionally to brighten the purple in places, the whole fifteen minutes the sky bow was on display.

My father said it was a good one, but that he's seen better. The berrypickers trailing out off the barrens and passing by the house never bothered to turn their heads to the sky. But I was so overwhelmed I marvelled about the wonderful rainbow to the shopkeepers and roadside sitters for days.

Other colors, good for the eyes, I saw from our front porch were the living greens of seaside gardens set among the woods. Then the wide bay, churned by the north wind under a bright-blue sky, flowery with whitecaps; and the ice-blue harbor striped with the pea-green of the shoals in the sunlight over clear water. I saw bright-red chimneys topping the dark-green asphalt roofs of gaily painted bungalows, and I saw our dogwood tree with its clusters of orange berries set against the white house.

He that hath eyes to see, let him see!

(In his next article, Ron Pollett puts on his hat and strolls out into village. . . . In the December issue.)

Book Reviews

(*MUTINY AT MIDNIGHT*, by P. J. Wakeham. (Long Brothers, \$1.50)

This little Newfoundland pocketbook edition is an adventure story from start to finish—from the moment young John Megan of Harbor Grace decided to go to sea to the time he came within a hair's breadth of ending his sea-faring career for ever—and it does not pretend to be anything else.

The action moves a bit too fast to allow any detailed development of the characters but the author, drawing on his own fund of sea-faring knowledge, has instilled into the story a good deal of authentic background. At times the book reads almost like an actual diary written by the boy who is the narrator.

Storms at sea, piracy, mutiny and the inevitable damsels in distress are liberally mixed here and, in spite of the romantic interest—which is rather incidental and could easily have been left out—this is a man's book, moving along at a fast clip and packing a lot of action into its 233 pages.

Born in Placentia, the author has been writing adventure stories "just for his own amusement" for years and this is his first published volume. The idea for the novel came to him twenty-five years ago, after listening to the salty stories of an old sailor named O'Brien who lived on the southern shore of Newfoundland.

Cover illustration for *Mutiny at Midnight* was done by another St. John's man, Gerald Osmond.

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Atlas For The Lost Champions

by DOUG SMITH

THE winning of the All Newfoundland Football championship by the St. Lawrence team warmed the cockles of my barnacle-crusted heart. It was a triumph of dogged perseverance, hard training and acquired skills over the fleet-footed city slicksters.

Any of the poolroom wise guys in St. John's would have laid out yards of greenbacks with heavy odds against the boys from the South Coast having a look in.

I doff my felted chapeau to you St. Lawrence boys. Likewise I tender my commiserations to the defeated "townies." One team played inspired ball, the others perspired

trying to make up for lack of training and application so necessary for championship attainment.

This triumph of a small section over the largely populated St. John's group has substantiated my belief for years that we have a whack of gold-nugget athletes buried in our outports. The greatest pity is that they should seldom or ever be brought to light.

Every village, cove or inlet can boast of some individual who shines in some particular field—skating, swimming, running or just plain weight lifting.

Believe it or not, weight lifting is on the up grade in amateur circles. At the Olympics to be held in 1952 many countries will have their beef-and-brawn men there pushing up hunks of pig-iron.

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Mosey down alongside any outport wharf and you will see a stalwart scorning a block and tackle and either upending a barrel of pork or lifting a barrel of flour into a boat. Strongmen have been born and died in Newfoundland that would put the world's strongest to shame.

Every village has a river or pond. I have seen outport youngsters speeding along on the cheapest make of skates at a clip that would do credit to professional hockey players. How many potential Big Leaguers "missed the boat" we will never know.

I remember one year I was camping at North River and training for the All Newfoundland Championship Sports. To strengthen my legs I used to train by running up a steep meadow through long and thick grass.

Stacking some hay in a nearby field was a chap who used to watch me each day. In a jocular mood, I asked him to join me. He shyly agreed. I slowed down to let the "local yokel" keep pace. He kept the pace.

Just to show him what a good runner I was I stepped up the pace. He stayed alongside. A trifle irri-

tated I lengthened my stride. He lengthened his.

This would never do. After all I was supposed to be the champ. I put on the pressure . . . he stayed with me. After that it became one of those undeclared endurance tests, each grimly determined not to quit.

The upshot of it all was that we both slowed down to a snail's pace, then finally halted. I gasped that he was a pretty good runner. He said that for a "townie" I was not so bad either.

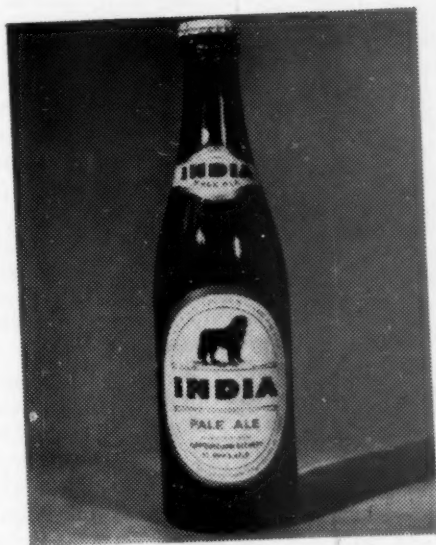
I laid down for a breather. He returned to his haymaking. I eased off my running slippers. It was only then that I noticed he was wearing overalls, a blue guernsey sweater and a pair of boots with inch thick soles, the heavy lifetime kind you wear when going into the swamp and woods looking for the cows.

I went on to my All Newfoundland Championships. He went on to his hay making and cow milking. I won my race against the so-called best in Newfoundland. But to this day I don't know if I could beat that guy with the overalls, blue guernsey sweater and inch thick soles.

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The Election Tie Of 1908

WHILE the famous Election Tie of 1908 had its beginnings in the spring of that year, and though its repercussions went on until the spring of 1909, the month of November was the climatic point of one of the most interesting political developments in the entire constitutional history of Newfoundland.

In July, 1907, Sir E. P. Morris retired from the ministry of Sir Robert Bond and formed a political organization of his own, known as the "People's Party." In November, 1908, his party opposed the Liberals at the polls, and a hard-fought campaign had a most peculiar result. Thirty-six seats were at stake, and each party won eighteen.

For Bond's Party, the following were elected: E. H. Davey, H. Gear, Burin; J. Maddock, Carbon-ear; Eli Dawe, Harbor Grace; J. Kent, J. Dwyer, G. Shea, St. John's East; W. J. Ellis, Ferryland; H. Earle, Fogo; E. M. Jackman, M. S. Sullivan, J. Davis, Placentia; W. Clapp, St. Barbe; Sir R. Bond, J. A. Clift, G. Roberts, Twillingate; G. Gushue, A. Miller, Trinity.

For Morris's Party, the follow-

ing were successful candidates: J. C. Crosbie, J. Whiteway, Bay de Verde; R. Moulton, Burgeo; S. D. Blandford, W. Winsor, D. Morrison, Bonavista; M. J. Cashin, Ferryland; C. H. Emerson, Fortune Bay; A. W. Piccott, E. Parsons, Harbor Grace; J. Murphy, W. Woodford, Harbor Main; Sir E. P. Morris, J. R. Bennett, M. E. Kennedy, St. John's West; R. Watson, Trinity; W. Warren, Port de Grave; J. Downey, St. George's.

Up to November 11th, 1908, the election was in doubt, Morris having eighteen seats and Bond, seventeen, with St. Barbe District still to be heard from. When the returns showed W. Clapp, a Bondite, elected, the election was a tie, each party having eighteen men elected.

On the 12th, Sir Edward Morris called Governor MacGregor's attention to the election deadlock and urged that the Bond Government should resign. This was put to Sir Robert Bond who asserted a Government was not called upon to resign 'till defeated in the Legislature. The Governor therefore replied to Morris stating that since neither party had a majority of seats he would await developments

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in the local Parliament. He then wrote Bond to the same effect and stated the Legislature should be convened between the 9th of January and March 1st, 1909.

Bond replied in a letter to the Governor insisting: (1) His government had a constitutional right to stay in office until defeated in the House of Assembly, and (2) on "the right of the ministry to exercise full executive authority so long as they retained the position of ministers of the Crown." The Governor came back with an insistence on his earlier statement that the Legislature should meet not later than the first week in February. Bond, in reply, asserted his departmental heads would not have time to attend to unfinished business before the session commenced.

On December 9th the Governor proposed that the Legislature should be convened on Thursday, the 4th of February, 1909. Sir Robert Bond assented. In the interim the Minister of Justice was called to Washington in relation to the fishery dispute and the date was postponed. On the 19th of February, Bond wrote the Governor and advised him that as soon as the House of Assembly met it should be dissolved immediately. He further stated that Sir Edward Morris would not be able to form a coalition government. In reply the Governor refused to dissolve the House. Two days after, Bond resigned.

On the 24th of February Governor MacGregor informed Bond that he had his resignation under consideration, that he was asking Morris to undertake to form a Government, and that the House re-

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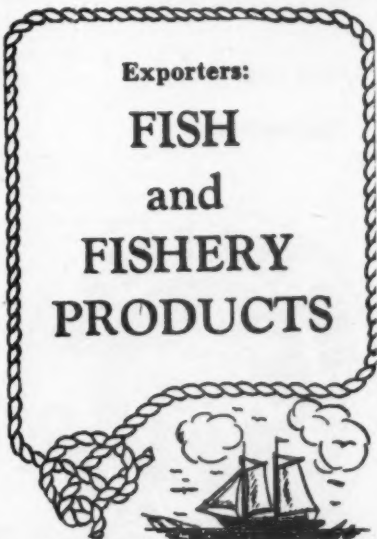
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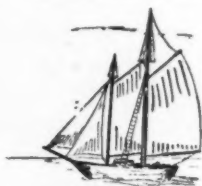
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main prorogued until the 4th of March. Next day he asked Morris to form a ministry and Morris agreed. On March 2nd, the Morris Executive was named, and the same day the Governor received Sir Robert Bond's resignation.

The House met on the 30th of March, 1909. There were eighteen men on each side. The former Bond Government had become the Opposition, and the Morris Opposition was now the Government. The Morris Government nominated a Speaker. They were thus in a minority. Their motion was defeated. The Opposition then nominated a Speaker, placing themselves in the same minority position. They were defeated. After this happened twice, failure to elect a Speaker was reported to the Governor and the House was prorogued again to April 6th.

On March 31st, Sir Edward Morris wrote the Governor and accused Sir Robert Bond of obstructive tactics and asked that the Legislature be dissolved. The Governor then appealed to both leaders to form a Coalition Ministry. When this appeal was unsuccessful Governor MacGregor assented to Sir Edward Morris's request for a dissolution and called for another General Election to take place on May 8th. At the new General Election the Morris Party was put in office with a sweeping majority, and Sir Edward Morris was elected Prime Minister of Newfoundland, an office he held until 1917, when he joined the Imperial War Cabinet, and was created Baron Morris, with a seat in the House of Lords, the following year.

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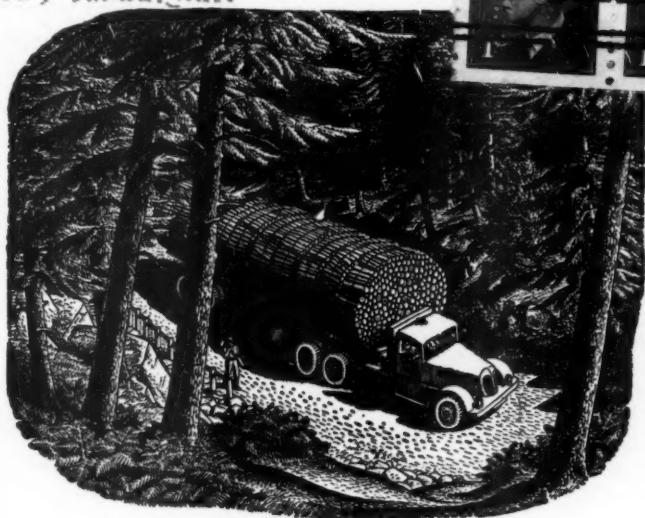
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